THE OHIO DEMOCRAT.

LOGAN, : : OHIO.

"THE ETHEL LYNCH."

A Little Western Girl's Brave Deed and Her Reward.

Ira Lynch was the agent at a little station on the Silver Creek railroad, called Halfway. Why the station was called by that odd name is impossible to state, unless it was because it was located about the center of the road. It was not much of a station either, the only building being the shed that contained the engine and pumps which pumped water to the tank that supplied

the road engines with water. Few trains ever stopped for any other purpose, unless they were flagged, as there wasn't a house within two miles of the station, with the exception of the little cabin occupied by the agent and his family, which consisted of himself, his wife, daughter and her little baby brother. Ethel, the daughter, was a sprightly little girl of perhaps twelve or thirteen years of age, and pretty enough for an artist's model, as she sat upon the back of her milk-white pony, man fashion, her legs bare to her knees, and dressed in a gray plaid skirt, a tight-fitting velvet jacket, and a train-boy's cap resting jauntily upon her beautiful auburn curls. Ethel Lynch was a prime favorite with the trainmen and regular passengers on the Silver Creek road, and they were always on the alert to get a glimpse of the red-headed girl and the white

Mr. Lynch was formerly engineer on the engine that pulled the train known as the Thunderbolt-a limited express upon the main line of which the Silver Creek road was a branch. But one night train robbers removed a rail from the track, and Ira Lynch (who saved the lives of the passengers intrusted to his care by standing faithfully at his gruffly. post of duty) was dragged from under the pile of broken and twisted iron and steel that once formed a part of his beloved engine, a burned and bleeding mass. Of all the many people who witnessed the terrible sight, not one thought it possible for him to live; but by careful pursing and a strong determination on his part to live for his wife's and little daughter's sake, he so 'ar recovered as to be able to take charge of the little station at Halfway. At the time our story opens, Mr. Lynch was standing at the open window of the pump house, gazing intent-

It was at the close of a lovely day in June. The rays of the setting sun (for it lacked but an hour of sunset) shone full in his face. Shading his eyes with his hand, he looked long and earnestly. "Well, I declare!" he exclaimed, in a tone of surprise, "it's our Ethel! Ma get it!" must be feeling better, or she wouldn't leave her alone!"

ly at some object in the direction of his

Being satisfied that everything was ail right, he again gave his attention to his work, so as to have things in shape to leave for the night. By time the task was completed. Ethel had approached to within speaking distance. The pony was walking along very leisurely, under a loose rein, "so as not to scare pa," Ethel had said to herself, as she checked the pony down to a walk.

"Well, how's ma and the baby been. to-day?" inquired Mr. Lynch, as Ethel slid from the pony's back to the mark. "Oh, they've been splendid all day!

Mamma wanted to get up, she felt so "I'm glad to hear that, for it don't

seem very much like home when ma is sick. Does it?" "No. indeed; but do you want to know

what I came over for?"

"Why, yes, to be sure!" Well, listen, and I'll tell you: This afternoon mamma fell asleep and she

had an awful dream. It worried her so that she told it to me, and I came over to be sure it wasn't so; but you couldn't make mamma believe it wasn't so, for she said she never could until she had seen you with her own eyes." "Why! It must have been something terrible to frighten your ma. She isn' very timid woman. But tell me, and then I'll know for myself."

"Well, mamma said that she saw five | marked: men walking up the track. They all wore big bushy whiskers and carried guns. She said she didn't think anything strange about it, but thought they were hunters, until one of them 'It must be that he is in the pump-house.' So she just watched them, and, sure enough, they came directly here, the big man that spoke be- flake, fly!" ing in the lead. They approached the

wonder it frightened her. But you go him to his utmost speed. right back and tell her that I am well and will be home soon, and she will be to her side, and when she again raised

'No, she won't either, pa, for she blood. said that she could never believe that it was only a dream, until she had seen | been bit after all. Yes, my skirt is you with her own eyes. You must go soaked with blood, and, come to think home. I'll stay and give water to 41's of it, I did feel a stinging pain in my engine, and signal No. 9.

"All right, Ethel, if you think that it? she will feel any better for seeing me. | should it kill us both!" Here are the keys. You be sure and don't stay longer than is necessary, for it will be dark long before you reach be at the end of her journey. But, home."

do make haste so that ma won't worry, | veins, a long, shrill whistle, the ex-Good-by.

Kissing her father, she waited impatiently until he had taken his leave. 'A girl of whom any man might well be proud," soliloquized Mr. Lynch, as ed to look back and wave his hand to Ethel. Resuming his walk he con-

"Why, I wouldn't take the best mine idly approaching engine. It glowed in Colorado for that red-headed girl and in the gathering twilight like the eye her white pony. Ethel is a girl that of a fiery demon. Would she be too can be trusted. I feel perfectly safe to late? home and leave her there, for I now that she will do her duty. Why, oftentimes while sitting on my knee, you don't care very much for your old, erippled-up pa, do you?

Then she'd throw her dainty head

sther, if he were a coward.' train-robbers "Well, she don't think any more of Would she be too late?

me than I do of her, so it's an even t'ing all around.' Thus Mr. Lynch mused, as he walked

homeward to assure his invalid wife he was all right. "I guess I had better tie Snowflake behind the pumphouse," said little Ethel, as her father disappeared from view, "because the soot from the en-gines makes him all speckled."

That done, she went to examine the switch, to see that it was thrown right for No. 41, the through freight, which

whistle sounded for the station, and a could hear the roar of the ponderous Not lost O Lord' for in thy city bright moment later the huge monster came train and the rapid clicking sound on in sight. Ethel waved the white flag, the rails, caused by the driving wheels to signal all right, the engineer answered with two short, sharp whistles, and an instant later called for brakes, in order to stop at the station for water. 'Why, there are two sections on run 41, to-night!" Ethel exclaimed, as she

saw the two red flags on the engine. Then the train drew up at the station, the engine was cut loose and switched over to the tank for water, after which the train proceeded on its way to Placer City, six miles distant, to sidetrack for No. 9, the fast limited

After the second section had gone through the same operation as the first. Ethel entered the pumphouse, to make sure that the fire under the boiler was

properly banked for the night. She desired to start for home as soon as No. 9 passed, so as not to alarm her parents by any unnecessary delay. She had been inside but a moment or two, when her attention was attracted by a slight noise at the window.

Imagine her surprise, upon turning around, to see a man standing at the open window, with his gun, which was resting upon the window-sill, aimed directly at her.

"It's mother's dream!" she said to herself; but not a muscle moved to show that she was surprised.
"Say, little gal," said the man at the

widow, "where is the station agent?" "He is not here, sir. He went away some time ago." "Where to?" demanded the man,

"He went to Keeley's Bar, with supplies for the company's men," replied only man that wept for the uncomplainthat was a long time ago."

she glanced at the clock above her father's rude desk.

"Well, we want to board her. Can we do so?" "No, sir: they do not stop here for water.

"Can't you flag her?" "No, sir." "Why not?"

"We have orders not to flag No. 9 unless there is danger ahead." "Then there will be danger ahead," said the ruffian, as he turned his back to Ethel, and, addressing the men, said: "Get to work lively, men, and take up a couple of rails; the express is going to stop here to-night, and don't you for

Ethel glanced through the window, and, sure enough, there were four men besides the spokesman, making five in all, as her mother had dreamed.

Quick as thought, she turned and hard ground, and an instant later the pending danger. white pony dashed around the corner speed of a deer.

"Bang!" "Bang!" "Bang!" rang the report of firearms in rapid succession. The men had discovered her flight, but stood with guns leveled at the train. in their haste had shot wide of the

"Bang!" "Bang!" "Bang!" "Bang!" rang out a second volley from the repeating rifles. The bridle rein dropped, as Ethel threw up her hands and fell forward on the pony's neck, limp and apparently lifeless. The frightened animal, seeing he was free to go where he chose, dashed headlong down the bank into the gulch below and disappeared from view.

"I guess that red-headed imp of girl won't give us any further trouble,' remarked one of the men.

"You're right," said another, "she" fixed all right enough."

Had the speakers stood where they down in the gulch, they would soon have discovered their mistake, for no sooner had the pony reached the bottom than Ethel arose direct in the saddle, gathered up the reins and re-

"A pretty good trick for a red-headed girl to play. When they thought me dead they ceased firing; otherwise I might have been killed." Looking at her tiny watch, a present from her father, she added:

"Six miles and only twenty-two min utes in which to make it. Now, Snow-

Loosening a rawhide from the pomwindow very cautiously: the big man | mel of the saddle, she lashed the pony but his gun through the window and into a run. One, two, three, four miles ared. Then she saw you throw up are passed. The tender-hearted girl, your hands and fall to the ground who under ordinary circumstances would not think of beating her pony, "That was quite a dream, and it's no used the lash without mercy, urging

Finally exhausted, her hand dropped it she saw that it was covered with

"Why!" she exclaimed. "I must have thigh when the men fired; but what of We must reach Placer City in time,

At last the station was in sight Only a short half mile and she would "Yes, pa. I'll do just as you say, only ear that fairly froze the blood in her press calling for a clear track. shut her teeth tightly and plied the

lash with all their strength. "Faster, Snowflake, faster, faster! Oh! Heaven help us!" she exclaimed. The pony groaned at every jump, yet she urged him to go faster. Already she could see the headlight on the rap-

On came the flery monster. race was an unequal one-an iron horse, propelled by steam as hot as fire st to tease her, I've said: 'Pshaw, and water could make, and an Indian pony, running a race upon which depended many lives. On came the iron steed, its grim driver all unconscious of back as proud as any queen and say:

"I do too love you, Pa Lynch. I had rather be the daughter of a cripple, if he got hurt while doing his duty, as senger was so carefully guarding, you did, than to have a king for my

Made desperate by the thought, Ethel leaned forward and buried her white teeth deep into the neck of the pony. Made furious by the pain, the almost exhausted animal leaped for-

ward, staggering as he ran. A mo-ment more, and they were at the station. Without waiting to stop, Ethel slid from the pony's back; then her leg gave way beneath her, and she fell to the ground.

A fireman on a freight engine recognized Ethel and ran to her assistance. was already due.

"Oh, don't mind me, but flag No. 9!"

She had but just returned when the she gasped, and none too soon, for she "Oh, don't mind me, but flag No. 91" passing over the rail junctions, each click plainly telling her that the train was at least two rods nearer destruc-

Then the engineer whistled for brakes, and she knew that the train was saved.

When the train had stopped, Ethel told her story to the wondering people who had gathered about her, after which the conductor ordered her carried to the baggage car, but she refused, saying:

"No, I will not go without Snow flake. "All right, little girl," replied the con-

ductor, "the pony shall go, too." So they took both horse and rider into the baggage car, where a bale of matresses was hastily broken open, and one procured for the little sufferer to lie upon, and a roll of blankets, belonging to one David Carson, of Dead Man's Gulch, but more commonly known as "Dare Devil Dave," was brought forward to serve as a pillow. The owner of the blankets was there in person, kneeling on the floor beside her.
"Poor little girl," he said, as he

wiped the tears from his eyes with the tending to his corporeal comfort within back of his hand. "This is more than I con stand." His huge frame shook with sobs, as he picked up her cap, and, turning to the by-standers, said: "Fellow citizens, let us do something."

The miners gave liberally. bills and coin were tossed into the cap. One miner contributed a small leathern was of value as a part of his domain. bag containing a couple of ounces of gold dust. Nor was David Carson the Ethel, and added, in an undertone: "But | ing little sufferer. Tears coursed down many a sun-bronzed cheek unused to "When is the lightning express due?" such a visitor, and not one of them, "In thirty minutes," said Ethel, as rough as they were, but would willingly have taken her place and borne the pain in her stead, were such a thing possible. A few moments later the man from the gulch again knelt beside Ethel, and as he placed her cap upon the floor beside her said: "Here, little girl, this may make you feel better. It's ing of a long friction with time. His to buy you a new gown;" which remark plainly went to show his ignorance regarding the value of dress-goods. He had collected enough money to purchase a fair-sized dry-goods store.

When the doctor that had been sent Winchester rifles were stationed in the der that that individual gave was this: "Fellow citizens, I hope you know your business. Don't shoot unless you

get the word; then shoot to kill." The train approached the station at sprang through the open door; there | Halfway at a very high speed, all on | was a clatter of a horse's feet upon the board seemingly unconscious of any im-

A light was swung across the track, of the pump-house and was off with the signaling the train to stop. The engineer obeyed promptly and the train was brought to a standstill less than a hundred feet from where the robbers "Hands up!" demanded the leader.

There was a flash of fire from the cab windows, followed by the report of a half dozen rifles, and it was all over. It was a sorrowful little procession which wended its way down the bridle path that led to the station agent's humble home. Nearly all the passengers were there. The conductor, accompanied by the doctor, had gone on in advance to prepare Ethel's parents for her home-coming. The patient little sufferer was reclining on a carseat, borne by two stalwart miners, while David Carson brought up the

rear, leading the badly used-up pony. We may, perhaps, never know just what took place at the agent's cabin. could have seen what was taking place The only remark was made by the bighearted giant from the gulch. When the party had returned to the train he drew a sigh of relief as he exclaimed: 'Fellow citizens, I feel better."

The trainmen soon replaced the rails which the robbers had removed, and No. 9 went on her way an hour and twenty minutes late.

It was several months before Ethel was able to again ride Snowflake. But one day her father told her that there would be a new engine on the lightning express, and he would like very much to have her see it. So she rode over to the station and sat gracefully upon her pony as the train approached.

The first thing that attracted her attention was a beautiful, miniature, milk-white pony, standing upon the front of the engine, one foot poised in the air, nostrils dilated and neck proudly arched, for all the world like her own beloved Snowflake, and seated upon its back was a very small girl, that was dressed and looked very much like herself.

Then her eyes fell upon the name of the new eagine, painted in gold letters beneath the cab window. There could be no mistake, for the letters were very plain and read like this:

THE ETEEL LYNCH.

Then, as the train swept past, the passengers, who had been informed of Ethel's ride, cheered heartily in honor of the little mountain heroine.

Surely, it is not to be wondered at Ethel that the trainmen on the Silver Creek road have a warm place in their hearts for the little girl out in Colorado or that the president of the road has hang--W. B. Disbro, in N. Y. Ledger.

-"I think, Willie," said his father, who had been looking through the new house, "I shall give you one of the rooms at the other end of the building." What's the matter with this one?" inquired Willie, anxiously. "The matter, my son," rejoined the experienced parent, his left eye-lid coming slowly

-Manager-"That young nephew of hope he'll-ha-it's working!"
yours is a sleepy sort of fellow. What shall I do with him?" Merchant- like a crooked foreinger from the roof "See if you can't find room for him in of the barn. The far our sitting to the night-shirt department."—Tid-Bits with his back turned did not see it.

THEY ARE NOT LOST.

The look of sympathy, the gentle word, spoken so low that only angels heard; the secret act of pure self-secrifice, Casern by men, but marked by angels' eyes-These are not lost

The happy dreams that gladdened all our youth Wien dreams had less of self and more of truth. The childhood's faith, so tranquil and so sweet, Which sat like Mary at the Master's feet— These are not lost.

The kindly plan devised for others' good, So seldom guessed, so little understood, The quiet, steadlast love that strove to win Some wanderer from the ways of sin— These are not lost.

Dur eyes shall see the past by clearer light, And things long hidden from our gaze below Thou wilt reveal: and we shall surely know These are not lost.

-Richard Metcalf, in Christian at Work.

THE TRAMP'S REVENGE.

His Life Paid the Penalty of His Crimo.



SARMER LES-LIE sat smoking in his door way in the most contented frame of mind possible to a man, for he was at that moment basking in the warm sunshine of prosperity. It gave him s great content,

but it was purely an animal contentno chord of his higher nature was touched. As far as the eye could see the hills and the flocks on the hills were his. The excellent woman atthe dwelling was his. The bright gir sewing at an upper window and the handsome boy galloping along the valley on his new pony were his children. The great barn filled with harvested Both grain was his. He did not look up and claim the sky, but all else about him "Me and mine" was the refrain of his

song.
At that moment something came around the corner of the house that did not belong to him, and it gave him a shock-a very disagreeable thrill, that was mostly disgust, and no quality of fear in it. The something was a tramp. The name is synonymous with obloquy, and this specimen did not belie the name. He shivered in the sunlight as if he had the ague. His rags stood out like splinters of distress, telllimbs had that flaccid, relaxed motion which is tpyical of the drunken vagabond. His eyes were bloodshot. The only redeeming features were his voice, which was musical and pathetic, and his manner, which was that of a man for arrived the train proceeded on its who had not always tramped the thorway. Half a dozen miners armed with oughfares of the world.

"Sir," he said, touching the rim of a cab of the engine, under the command despoiled hat, "will you be so kind as of "Dare Devil Dave," and the only or- to give me a bite to eat-I am very hungry!"

One would suppose that sitting there in the sunlight of his own happiness Farmer Leslie, the properous man, would have given a generous meal to this off-scouring of humanity-but he did nothing of the kind.

"Be off." he said, "or I'll set the dog "I will work—" began the tramp.
"Oh, you will? I don't need your

help. not such cattle as you." dictive rage crossed his features—then

he stopped, swung around and walked away "Cattle!" He flung the words out with bitterness. "You're right, friend only-cattle that are made in God's image, and human!"

"So the fellow's had a schooling. was all the comment the farmer made He did not see a humanitarian epi-



"CATTLE!"

sode that was transacted at his back door when his good wife, who had overheard the dialogue, handed out some bread and meat to the tramp.

No. Farmer Leslie knew nothing of that. He was watching a speek far down in the valley that was a whole world to him, his boy galloping from about farmhouse to farmhouse, where his playfellows lived, showing them his new possession, the pony his father had given him for a birthday present.

Farmer Leslie did have soft spots in his heart, but as I have said, they were for "me and mine." He gave no further thought to the wretched, disheartened man he had repulsed. He did not stop to gently scan his brother man, and he did not believe that to step aside is human. So he put the object out of his mind and gave himself up to the contemplation of pleasanter themes

The tramp lay on the side of a hill far enough from the house to be unrecognizable, and ate Mrs. Leslie's bounty is a semi-savage mood. These were not his real table manners-he had not forgotten them, but if each mouthful he devoured had been the head of an enemy, he could not have been more ing in his private office an oil painting of ghoulish or vicious. Every few mo"A red-headed girl and a white horse." n ents he would burst into anathemas n ents he would burst into anathemas

"Cattle! Curse him! What is he? I'd like to make him suffer-yes, I would. Oh, I could die happy just to me that man in my place."

He lay and watched the man he hated, but he divided his attention His bloodshot agonized eyes were fixed now on the splendid barn that had cost the farmer so many thousands of doldown over the eye, "is that the window opens out on the kitchen roof, the coal ing country. The fellow writhed with shed is close to the kitchen, and this is impatience. "I hope he'll read the writing on the

wall, and recognize the tramp's hand. I of the barn. The farmer sitting now

The tramp watched it and smiled as Cain might have smiled when he slew Abel. He gesticulated fiercely as if to sustain himself in some awful deed; then another look came into his face the saddle on his arm, disappear in-

One - two - three minutes passed. Nothing had changed except the aspect of that thin spiral of smoke. It was now a column cut off from the roof by a blaze that the sunlight shielded. Farmer Leslie was asleep in his chair. The tramp rose to his feet. His expression and the evil purpose that had possessed him changed to a look of dis-reputable virtue. His form expanded and grew taller, but he stood as if rooted to the hills.

and there, shricking fire, and he was wildly calling for help, to which sum-mons his men working in the field responded. But there was no help that could save the smoldering mass, and no man that could enter that fiery fur-"Let it burn," shouted the farmer;

"thank God, we are all here." And at that moment his eye fell on his son's pony grazing in the field near

"Alfred!" he shouted. "Is he in the house? Where is Alfred?" A man darted past him and disap-

peared in that seething mass of flame and smoke. The group paid no attencalling the name of the boy who was the pride of their lives. Then there was a cry from within, a

smothered cry, taken up and reechoed by those outside as they recognized his

"It is my boy-let me get to him!"



the hands of his men. "I will save him or die with him."

But they could see the shadow of a man who walked like Shadrach of old in the fiery furnace, but unlike him there was the smell of fire on his garnents, and if the Saviour of men walked with him, their eyes were hidden that they could not see. He carried a burden that he had covered with his tattered coat. The fire fought for him and wound its long tendrils around him. It put out the light in those bloodshot eyes forever. He was literally blazing when he gathered up the last remnant of his strength, and threw his burden to those who met him half I have men to work for me, and way. Then there was a roar and a crash, and never had man a more mag-Ah, it cut to the quick, as he intend- nificent funeral pyre than this would ed it should. The tramp made a sav- have made. But he stumbled just out-

"He saved me, father-I was asleep and he just caught me up in his arms and ran with me, and, oh, father, you will give him money and clothes, and he shall have my pony, and everything."

"Yes, yes, please God, I will make man of him," said the farmer, as he bent anxiously over the tramp, who, blind and broken, was coming back to "Father - mother," he murmured,

"are-you-you-both-here? Take-my-hand." Mrs. Leslie and her husband sank sobbing on their knees, and each took hand of the poor outcast.

"It's-getting-light," he said, "Imust-get-up. He tried to rise but the effort was useless. His poor head refused to

"I know," he said in a clear voice, "it's-the-boy. Is-he-safe?" "Safe, and it is you who saved him. Live, my friend, that we may show you how grateful we are," said the farmer,

suddenly humanized. "Yes-I-saved him-and lost-my self. Perhaps God will know, and take this into account. Forgive me.'

"What! For saving my boy's life?" "No." There was a brief death agony, then a look of peace as life's! latest breath drifted with the words: 'I would have been a murderer if I had let him die in the flames that-myfords a rich harvest both at quarter hand-kindled!"-Mrs. M. L. Rayne, in Detroit Free Press.

America's National Dish

Marion Harland once upon a time in the course of a foreign journey chanced to be dilating upon the cosmopolitan taste of the American who would eat haggis in Scotland, roast beef in England, bologna in its city, maccaroni in Italy and frogs' legs in France. "And what," said a famous traveler who overheard the monologue, "is the national dish of the United States?" Mrs. Terhune always laughs, but ruefully,

France than in America. I thought of mince pie, but that is English as well aseYankee. At length I replied, with an assumption of ease and pride that I was far from feeling: 'Baked beans and buckwheat cakes.' I was well aware that my interlocutor had ex perienced both those dishes and I was not surprised that his sole comment should be: 'Fancy!' in an involuntary tone of shocked surprise."—Philadel-

Taking No Chances He was a legislator, not because of his preeminent fitness for the task but because somehow or other he had go tun there.

"Suppose," said the portly caller "that the free silver people should provide a large amount of money to influence votes, could you be induced in any way to exert your influence to keep silver in circulation as the money

'Humph' I might. But you'd have to pay me in gold."-Washington Star PROFESSIONAL WITNESSES.

One of Them From England Makes Some Interesting Revelations. "Except those lawyers, whether they

oe magistrates, barristers, or solicitors, better half."—Truth. as he saw a boy ride gayly up to the whose duties cause them to be brought barn, turn his horse loose, and carrying in constant contact with crime, few seople know anything of the career of professional witness. I may go further, and say that few people tware of the existence of men who gain a livelihood by giving evidence in the witness-box. Yet not only do they exist, but they derive a substantial inome from their work.

"I would divide them into two classes. The first class consists of expert witnesses, whose duty it is to assist justice by giving evidence of a technical description, which only those versed in special technicalities of the ase can give. The second class con-Farmer Leslie was aroused now. His sists of those witnesses whose business wife and daughter were running here it is to defeat the ends of justice on behalf of anybody who can afford to pay them.

"Of the first cla s there is little to be said. As a rule they are men of irreproachable integrity, who have earned well-deserved reputation in their repective professions or business. Their evidence is often conflicting, but, as a ule, it is given in good faith.

"Medical evidence is, I believe, always above suspicion, but where the cause in dispute is merely one of damages, and expert witnesses have to be called to give evidence as to valuation, then the professional witness has his chance. If the question relates to the value of property his mind is as elastic tion to him, but ran distractedly about, as that of the auctioneer, while if the lispute be over the value of a horse it would appear that no two dealers in the kingdom hold the same opinion.

"It has never been my lot to be enraged in a horse case, but I know one lealer who has a regular scale of payment for his evidence. I would not accuse him of perjury, but the variety of his opinions on horseflesh is certainly remarkable. I have known him to (boastingly)—"I carry my life in my value the same horse at two different hand." Miss Giddey (with a glance at

"But it is amongst the criminal classes that the professional witness reaps the richest harvest. Of these classes I have had large experience both in London and in the provinces, and I venture to say that I am the cause of many a man being at liberty. Yet I have never been reprimanded either by judge or a magistrate. Cases where the defense is an alibi, and cases of assault form my chief stock in trade. "The defence of an alibi is always

viewed with suspicion, and therefore requires the exercise of considerable ingenuity. It must be remembered that the first object of the professional witness is not to commit perjury, o. reason it is best to appear as an inde-pendent witness and not as a friend of the prisoner.

"So if you swear that you saw a man at a certain place at the time when the offence was committed, and it is proved faster? I am going to be married this that he was not at that place, it is morning and at this rate I will arrive sufficient to prove that you were at too late for the wedding." that place yourself and so might have

"But the danger of attempting to prove an alibi without success is so rarely resorted to. In cases of common | charge." assault and public-house brawls, where in alibi for the defence.

"The independent witness who happened to be present at the time, and who states that the prisoner was the aggrieved party instead of being the aggressor, is the most useful man for the defence. The police stand in awa of him. How often does a gentleman voluntarily come forward to say that the police used unnecessary violence He is not a volunteer; he is a profes ional witness, whose fee ranges from a five-pound note to a quart of beer.

"The great drawback to my profes sion is that I am constantly obliged to change my place of business, else l should become more widely than would be convenient. At the out side, I cannot appear before the same metropolitan magistrate more than six times in a year.

"I have a permanent address which police court to police court, both in town and country. I loaf about the neighboring public houses, and generally hear of some business in which my services would be acceptable. I have to exercise great discretion as to whom

tender those services, but I do not often meet with a rebuff. A prisoner is not generally scrupulous as to the truth of his defence, though sometimes he will try to avoid paying for it. I make it a rule to get at least a large share of my fee in advance. "Giving evidence as to character af-

sessions and at assizes. The price for this evidence is high, as it can only be given about once in eighteen months. either at the same court or before the same judge. Some briefless barrister is sure to recognize us and to tell the prosecuting counsel. "Of course the character I assume is giving this evidence varies with the position of the prisoner. The character of the parson of the parish where

the prisoner has lived at some former period of his life is the one which I have found most successful. I have when she repeats this anecdote. "I esty's judges on my kindness of heart, thought," she says, "of telling him compliments which I acknowledge with often been complimented by her majthat respect due to the dignity of the law."-Yankee Blade.

A Bad Exchange Two English country yokels recently met in a lane. "Hello!" said one. "there's been a conference." "A conference! What's conference?

is?" retorted sie first speaker. "Why it's a place where parsons meet and sermons." "Swap sermons, do they? Well, then

"Don't you know what a conference

was the astonished reply.

our parson must be an unlucky man for he allers gets a crop of bad uns."--The citizens of Sandoval, Ill., will

not allow any negro to live in their town. Several weeks ago two strange negroes were employed by a new car penter who was not acquainted with the color-line law of the place, but it did not take him long to learn it when seventy-five of the "best people" of the town waited upon him and threat-ened to lynch the negroes if they did

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

-The Wife-"You are a poor excuse The Husband-"I must for a man." The Husband—"I must be, my dear, if I married you to get a

—Mrs. Fern—"What! Married again, and your wife has only been dead three weeks?" The Carpenter—"Why, yes. Isn't she as dead as she ever will be?" -Soundings.

-Summer Landlord - "Well, how does the thermometer stand this morn Ing?" Summer Guest-"It does not stand, it lies, by about fifteen degrees." -Indianapolis Journal.

-"It must have been a love match, for she knew he was poor." told her he had only a remnant of his fortune left, and she, of course, thought she'd get a bargain."—Inter Ocean. -Deacon Bragg-"Do you think it is sinful to marry for money?" Rev. Mr. Tium-"It never occurred to me so; on

the fee was too small."-Roston Globe. -"Jack Brown and his sister Emily are twins, aren't they?" now, but they won't be when Jack's thirty. Emily will never consent to be the same age as Jack then."-Harper's Bazar.

the contrary, sometimes I have thought

-"I understand," said the man of general information, "that the King of Siam has a hundred wives." "Great Scott," exclaimed Mr. Meekins; "no wonder he isn't looking for war."— Washington Star. -"I hope, Johnny," said the Sunday-

school teacher to her new scholar, "that your parents are good Christians." "Well, mais," replied Johnny; tians." "Well, ma is," replied Johnny; "and pa used to be, but I guess he is a little out of practice now. -Fizzleum-"I went home full the other night, and had the greatest diffi-

culty in finding the keyhole." Squizzleum-"I can always find a dozen when I go home in that condition."-Brooklyn Eagle. -Not Much Danger.-Mr. Sncoper

times at two hundred guineas and the size of his hand)—"I should say twenty-five pounds. -Colored Philosophy .- "Why, Sam, how do you expect to get that mule along with a spur only on one side?" "Well, boss, if I gets dat side to go,

ain't de udder one boun' to keep up? -Yankee Blade. -A Dangerous Summer Girl.-He-"So we are engaged. Isn't it lovely?" She-"Perfectly." He-"I wonder if anybody saw me when I kissed you last night?" She—"I hope so." He— "What?" She—"I hope so." He— "Why?" She-"I mean business and want witnesses. - Detroit Free Press.

-From One Point of View .- "I wonder," said one of the loungers," what was the origin of the swallow-tailed rather not to say anything which a was the origin of the swallow-tailed jury would consider perjury. For this coat?" "It is my idea," said the grizzlewhiskered man from Montana, "that they were cut that way in the first place to make it handy for a man to git his gun."-Indianapolis Journal. -Young Man-"Why don't you go

(sympathetically)-"Well. mistaken somebody else for the pris- that? I am giving you plenty of time to think better of it."-Chips. -An Experienced Man.-Jeweler-"Yes, sir, I will engrave anything you

great in a case of importance that it is wish on this ring without extra Young Man-"Inscribe on it 'From George to Alice.' " Jewelerthe offender is not taken red-handed, "H'm. The lady is your sister, maythe professional witness can generally be?" Young Man-"The fact is this is throw so much doubt on the matter an engagement ring." Jeweler-"Ah, that an acquittal is the result. Still in my young friend, I have had considerage spring forward, and a look of vin- side, and a fallen beam pinned him to these cases it is best not to depend on able experience in engagement rings, uggest that th tion be simply 'From George.' Then it will do for another time, you know.' -Iowa State Register.

WOMEN AND TIES.

They Should Adjure the Masculine Cravat or Learn to Tie It.

One of the unpardonable sins in dressing is the wearing of masculine ties by women who do not know how to tie them. This is a crime second only to wearing ready-made ties.

The kinds of ties with which men adorn themselves, and which women vainly essay to copy, are the prince's scarf, a thin edition of the four-inhand, the four-in-hand itself, the Windsor and the Ascot. This last is an intricate affair, which even proud man finds difficult to manage. others may be learned by patient study is known to several people, but most of and practice, and the woman who my time is spent in wandering from makes an attempt to wear them should

bestow that upon them. But they do not. They come down town with four-in-hands that have slipped down and are hanging nooselike about their collars. They do not scruple to appear in public with a tie twisted around under their ear. They have no conscience about converting a thin piece of silk into an unsightly knot and a pair of demoralized-looking

strings and calling it a prince's scarf. Then women cannot resist the temptation of adorning their ties with stick pins, and they always place these unnecessary articles in the center of the knot. If they must wear them let them at any rate put them where they will seem to serve some purpose—at the corner where they join the collar, or below where they may be supposed to fasten down the upward-tending ends.—Chicago Times.

To Fit a Sewing Room A most desirable adjunct to a house where much sewing is done is a room

set apart exclusively for a sewing room. It need not be large, and it should not be carpeted or contain more than the necessary furniture; but the conven ience of such a room where one may b sure of finding needles and thread. pieces of gowns, braid and all the acessories of dressmaking and repairing can hardly be over estimated. floor should be stained and varnished. so that its daily brushing up will be easy to do. The sewing machine should be placed in strong light by a window from hooks on the wall should depend all the family piece bags, the pieces carefully sorted; shelves should be put up to hold boxes of buttons, trimmings. patterns, etc. A cutting table or isp-board is of course indispensable, as is a low rocking-chair, without arms. A long mirror in which the full length of one's figure may be seen is the greatest possible convenience, and, if cutting and fitting is accomplished without the aid of a professional dressmaker, a dress form saves the time and temper of some member of the family who must otherwise serve as a dummy .-Philadelphia Press.

Wifely Forethought. Mrs. McSwat-Are you going to the Mr. McSwat—Yes, dear

"Then here's your largest hat."